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If, as a little boy in the 1920s, I had been asked what I was, I would have said I was English. Everything in Bangalore, the British cantonment on the Deccan, the south Indian plateau where I was born, served to make me feel so. The weather, especially in December, was cool and often wet and misty, transporting me in mind to the England that I used to read about in the book I invariably got for Christmas. I thought and spoke in English, as did everyone else in our essentially Anglo-Indian town. My dress and habits were western, and my education, perceptions and loyalties British, as was, indeed, the entire cantonment atmosphere of the time. The notion that I might have been Indian never entered my mind or our conversation.

But my outlook changed almost completely after I passed out of school at sixteen and entered college, a word that also stood for university. By then my horizons had widened, helped by a long tour I made of northern India during a six-month break between school and college, when I mixed widely for the first time with other enlightened Indians. I returned south knowing then what I was: an Indian of a particular sort, an Anglo-Indian Indian. It was an expression I coined to bring home to the many of my community who preferred not to think of themselves as Indian that they were as much so as any Muslim, Parsi, Sikh or other similar native of India. Years later and just out of university, I used it in a letter to our local DAILY POST to deplore the small number of Anglo-Indians who had gathered to hear Frank Anthony on his first visit to Bangalore after he became the community's leader on the death of Sir Henry Gidney in 1942. The editor thought the expression so novel that he used it as a title for a leader supporting the idea behind it. (I am sorry I did not keep a copy.) It would have upset a good many of my community, for Bangalore Cantonment had a large population of

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Anglo-Indians, most of whom would have blanched if you had called them Indian.

Among those English-speaking people who were permanent residents of India, some were undoubtedly of pure European blood, if blood in that sense is ever pure. They called themselves Domiciled Europeans, thereby revealing a certain ignorance, for what they really meant was domiciled Indian. (The term would have correctly applied to Indians residing permanently in Europe. It has become irrelevant, anyway, in the years after independence.) Some fair Anglo-Indians, ashamed to confess to their mixed blood, aped them and even referred to England as “home”, thereby making themselves objects of ridicule. The majority, whose mixed blood usually showed in the colour of their skin, made no pretence at being anything other than what they were: simply Anglo-Indian. This term had practically ceased by my time to be used in the old sense of the Englishman who had spent a lifetime in the country before finally retiring to England. It has come to mean simply a native of India of European descent in the male line, and while it thus included the so-called Domiciled European, it usually implied a person of mixed blood conventionally speaking English. We Straceys were one such large clan, descended from English, Indian, Portuguese and Dutch forebears. We were to be found throughout much of India, which then included Burma where our counterparts were called Anglo-Burmans (or Burghers in Ceylon, now Sri Lanka). We were content, even proud, to call ourselves Anglo-Indian, but that label, at least until we grew up and became aware of who we really were, was as near as we got to being or feeling Indian. This stemmed from our parochial upbringing and deliberate conditioning, which consciously directed our sentiments and loyalties away from India in favour of England.

The British had not come to India as colonists to settle the land, still less as altruists. They came to trade, but gradually found themselves, through conquest, treaty and alliance, imperial rulers of a vast country of many millions, with all the power, prestige and especially the profit that possession of an empire brought. Starting as the East India Company, a purely commercial venture, they soon

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became concerned as much with security as with trade, and in furtherance of both, early realised the advantages of having a loyal and literate community of mixed-bloods at their side. Country-born, habituated to its climate and inured to its diseases, endowed with a skill of hand that they readily put to the hardest of jobs in difficult conditions at less than European wages, and above all, conditioned to give to England and the English a steadfast loyalty and service, this community soon became a necessary and dependable auxiliary of the British for as long as they ruled India. (And be it said, those who did not join the minority and emigrate when that rule ended continued to give the same loyalty and devotion to the country after it became independent.) As early as 1687, in a dispatch of 8 April to the President-in-Council, Madras, the Company's Board of Directors wrote, "The marriage of our soldiers to native women of Fort St George is a matter of such consequence to posterity that we have been thinking ... to appoint a Pagoda [about five rupees, a considerable amount then,] to the mother of any child ... born of any such future marriage on the day the child is Christened...." And until English women started coming out to India in what was ungallantly called the "Fishing Fleet", it was common for Europeans of even higher status to take local women as mistresses (more rarely as wives) and thus add to the number of such children.

Their Anglicised upbringing was a prerequisite to their usefulness. It was started early in such institutions as vestry schools and orphanages specially founded for them, where they were given a Christian education and invariably a trade. It was not in the interests of the Company to let them integrate with other Indians or develop a sense of attachment to the country. Rather, they were brought up oblivious or scornful of their Indian heritage, to see the world through English eyes, to rely for a living on the Company and hence give it their first loyalty, and generally to consider themselves apart from and superior to other Indians and, if need be, to act against them. In this way did Anglo-Indians (at one time called East Indians) escape the fate, for instance, of the mixed-blood people of Australia, where, since the administration had no such need of their services as in India, they were thrown back on their mothers' people, classified

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and treated as Aborigines, and condemned to share much of the debilitation suffered by their full-blood kinsmen. The latter, on their part, looked on them as cultural aberrations and generally treated them as outcastes. Later attempts to rescue them from their tribal background by forcibly removing them to Christian mission compounds or placing them with white families, the theory being that they would ultimately be assimilated in white society while the full-bloods died out, only produced what is today termed the “stolen generation”. They are mainly town-dwellers now, some of them highly respectable persons of status, but many also too often alienated, rootless, demoralised and given to drink, suffering from poor health and unemployment and existing on the dole. They are currently the subject of much heart-searching, guilt and recrimination, but becoming increasingly resentful and vocal in demands for their rights.

But for the British to have relied too much on a large community of mixed-bloods to help prop up their rule in India before first suitably conditioning them might have sown the wind and opened the way for disaffection similar to that in the early 1800s against the French in Haiti by their mulatto off-spring. So Church and Company joined together to give this emerging community a proper upbringing as they saw it. The church took care of their souls and their well-being through baptism, education and a trade, while the Company ensured their loyalty by appropriate conditioning and the bestowal of a number of special but limited benefits, particularly by way of employment. At first this was in such lowly posts as fifers, drummers and farriers, but later included slightly higher positions that in time came to be called “upper subordinate” or “non-gazetted”, terms that formed part of the latter lexicon of British Indian administration. And ultimately, along with other Indians, Anglo-Indians were allowed entry to even higher ranks in the provincial and imperial services.

The government showed a special interest in their education by providing land and funds for their schools, orphanages and asylums, by encouraging Christian missions to open and run such institutions,

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and by ensuring proper standards through adequate inspection and the introduction of uniform curricula. This system ultimately led to common examinations like the Senior Cambridge, for which students throughout the Empire could appear. The result was to give Anglo-Indians their most precious possession, a system of schools that in due course enabled them to become the only entirely literate community in the whole country. Church orphanages, mission and secular schools, and military asylums grew from small beginnings into splendid institutions, many of them supported by army trusts, commercial houses, planters groups and, in the forefront, Christian missions of various denominations. Catholic schools like St Joseph's, Bangalore, (my *alma mater*) run by the French Foreign Mission and several run by the Irish Christian Brothers and other Catholic orders, the Bishop Cotton Schools named after the Anglican cleric who founded them, the Lawrence Asylums established by General Sir Henry Lawrence of Mutiny fame for the children of British soldiers, and the Kalimpong and Ketti Homes for planters' offspring, to name but a few, all soon came to be counted among the finest in the country.

At first these schools were monopolised almost entirely by English, Anglo-Indian and "Domiciled European" children, the latter as often as not the children of Anglo-Indian mothers. Today, however, the majority of their pupils are members of other communities seeking the type and standard of education that they offer and the qualities of character and discipline they impart; in short, the all-round excellence for which they are renowned. But soon after independence certain language chauvinists in positions of power, notably Morarji Desai, then Chief Minister of Bombay, sought to smother such schools by restricting instruction in English to Anglo-Indians only, knowing full well that they would thereby ultimately languish and die for want of enough pupils. It was left to Barnes School, Deolali, in Bombay province, prompted by Frank Anthony and represented by him, along with an equally brilliant lawyer of the small Parsi community, N Palkivala, to take the fight all the way to the Supreme Court, where it won a final verdict. Thus

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was this sinister move thwarted, saving for India one of the most potent and unifying factors in its modern history.

Not that the system did not have its defects, some of them serious. The education imparted in these schools had a strong European religious and historical bias. This was only to be expected in a system imported by the British not just because they believed in its merit but because to them it was the best way of mentally moulding Anglo-Indians in their favour. It found expression essentially through our mother-tongue (a misnomer in our case for father-tongue), which was English. More to the point, it was designed to elevate all that was western, Christian and British, while regrettably denigrating most things Indian overtly or by omission. This naturally revealed itself most when dealing with religion. We at St Joseph's were taught that Christianity was the one true religion; all others - Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism and Islam, - were not only false but repugnant. Hindus were idolaters, Muslims sensual fanatics, and Buddhists had no god at all. Buddhism's Four Noble Truths and its Eightfold Path were no more mentioned than Islam's injunctions to regular prayer and organised charity. Even among us Christians, only we Catholics, I was told as a child, would "possess the kingdom prepared for us" - provided we died in a state of grace (though I did hope that God in his goodness would include my mother who, while remaining staunchly Anglican herself, had faithfully seen to our upbringing in her husband's Roman faith.)

When it came to learning a second language, we at St Joseph's had to take either Latin or French, for no Indian language was taught at the time when, in 1931, I had to choose. Urdu was introduced only about three years later, following the example of Baldwin Boys, a Methodist school close to where I was born, which had done so much earlier. On the advice of my eldest brother Pat, I asked the French priest who was our Principal if I could offer Tamil even though the school did not officially teach it. He turned me down for this reason, adding, "Tamul! What good will that be for you?" - this to someone who was to serve most of his life as a police officer in the Tamil country! The same priest, after attending a concert of classical Indian

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music, told me, "I thought they were tuning their instruments throughout". Observations such as these, coming from mentors whom we held in high respect and reverence, clearly acted to prejudice our view of all things Indian. We were given much stronger doses of English history than Indian, and I learnt more about Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, the Bayeux Tapestry and Magna Carta than about "The Glory That Was Ind" described by the Australian historian Basham. The greatness and worth of western civilisation was impressed on us, but that of Harappa and Mohenjodaro, for instance, was omitted. (Even though our text-book did include the ancient Hindu period, the master who taught us left it out, and started with the much later Muslim Mughuls who, like us, were at least People of the Book.) Indian civilisation was never referred to as such, Indian culture was studiously ignored, and its contributions to learning never even hinted at.

We took for granted the benefits of western progress which we identified with British rule - "our" rule, for what were we if not British too? Britain's growth from tiny island to mighty empire filled our imagination, as did British heroes and British victories - English bowmen at Crecy and Agincourt, Nelson at Trafalgar, Wellington at Waterloo, and Clive at Arcot and Plassey. Comically in retrospect, we identified with it all, assuming to ourselves much of the superiority that God had ordained to go with British rule. Nor was this all. We had to have names that were identifiably Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic. Not for us names like Gonzalves, Alfonso, D'Silva or DeSouza that implied a Latin-based European heredity. These were for "wops", "dagos" and other such inferior beings, to be changed by deedpoll - until I discovered to my youthful dismay that my father's mother was a Pereira! To rub it in, my brother Cyril, next in age to me, used to rag me by saying that I was not a Stracey but a Fernandez whom my parents had adopted. My retort would be, "Then how did I get my grey eyes?" (As a matter of interest, I got them from my mother, and have passed them on to my second son and his two children.)

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Western overlordship, hand in hand with Christianity, was, we were led to believe, inherently good for the natives, a term we used derogatorily. We were as colour-conscious as most other Indians, and the coarser amongst us sometimes even indulged in such extreme epithets as “blacks” or “niggers”, though “pariahs” was the more usual word when referring to other Indians of the lower class. Within our own family, consisting as it did of seven brothers and sisters whose complexions ranged from dark to fair with shades in between, there was no colour-prejudice, at least not among the menfolk. But it did exist within the community and even within families, as in a case I knew where some of the elders felt it a pity that, as between sister and brother, it was the girl who had the olive skin and her brother the fair one. Colour-prejudice was most overt towards other Indians, if only because it reinforced our sense of superiority over them. This was despite our own brown skins, and oblivious of the latter’s resentful contempt for us. They were especially amused and mocking when they saw us in our pith hats, once the quintessential mark of the Anglo-Indian, worn to protect not just our heads from the sun but the complexion of our skins as well!

The one area in which, as schoolboys, we could have met other Indians on equal terms, developed friendships and shed our complexes, was the games-field. Unfortunately, none of the exclusively Indian high schools in the cantonment was ever invited to take part in our tournaments or our inter-school athletic competitions, thus closing off even this healthy opportunity to cultivate mutual respect. Our annual scout jamboree at the British Residency, in which their troops participated, lasted only a day, too short a time for feelings of friendship to develop even among scouts. Though our later contacts with other Indians in college were much closer, even this was unconsciously clouded by the fact that, despite our comparatively small numbers, we did much better than they in games and athletics, a situation that only reinforced any lingering sense of superiority. Our cricket eleven at St Joseph’s College was almost entirely Anglo-Indian, and later at Loyola College, Madras, most of the top places in the athletic events, as well as the championship, went to Anglo-Indians during my three years there. Fortunately by

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then, I personally had outgrown whatever complexes towards other Indians that I might have inherited. Mentally, I was almost fully Indian myself, even while still being proud to be Anglo-Indian, a term, incidentally, that I early ceased using to distinguish myself from “Indians” but only from “*other* Indians”.

Not so when I was a boy. Then, we shared hardly any of our games, diversions or pastimes with other Indians, most of whom were a class apart, such as servants whom we employed or shopkeepers whom we patronised. There were always enough Anglo-Indians in our neighbourhood to form teams to play each other in hockey, cricket or soccer (which we called “footer”). Indoors, too, we were self-sufficient. Our family always had a shelf full of good books that we actually read, a piano that all of us played at one time or other, and lots of gramophone music on the old HMV or Decca 78 rpm records that could break if carelessly handled. My mother, who had been a music mistress before marrying, taught all of us seven children to play the piano. Only my sister Win and I, regrettably, failed to persevere. Our eldest sister Doreen, by contrast, went on to become a classical pianist - and a doctor as well. It was from her that I heard the works of the great western composers almost from my infancy, so much so that today there is hardly a popular classic that I cannot recognise or hum. Our records also gave us access to enjoyable music of every variety, from Schubert and Chopin to Bizet and Beethoven; immortals such as Persian Market and Monastery Garden; and instrumental and orchestral classics too numerous to mention. We took our first dance-steps to the captivating American music of Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, George Gershwin and Jerome Kern, and enjoyed the British compositions of Ivor Novello and Noel Coward. Visitors to our home had invariably to be regaled with songs by the family around the piano, including snatches from musicals like Rose Marie, Naughty Marietta, Show Boat, and No, No Nanette, all of which were available in song-books or sheet-music.

None of the Indian taboos on western dancing or kissing came in the way of our fun. Family parties, usually for someone’s birthday and attended by all our friends, always included dancing to

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gramophone music, and it was a rare party-game that did not involve a kiss or two between boy and girl. (“Kneel to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love best” was one of the “penalties” in a game called Forfeits; another was “Nun’s Kiss” where a kerchief was delicately placed between girl’s cheek and boy’s lips!) It was all quite innocent, with our elders often joining in. Besides, western films offered enough examples of hugging and kissing - standing up and fully clothed - to make it all seem perfectly natural and acceptable. Sometimes there would be a social at the All Saints Church Institute, our neighbourhood club, whose members were almost entirely Anglo-Indian. (Only Jones, the part-time clerk, was Indian Christian - and invited the tasteless joke that he got his name off a tombstone.) It had a tennis court, a billiards room and a library full of hard-backs (there were no paper-backs in those days). Imported English magazines included the DAILY MIRROR, the tabloid most in demand. My father used to enjoy a regular game of bridge in the card-room, and the tennis court always had players lining up for a game in the afternoons. It was a homely club which allowed us youngsters the premises by day, when we could buy a ginger ale or a used tennis ball for just an anna each.

Once a year there was an amateur concert, with skits, songs, instrumental solos and other turns for the grown-ups, but what the youngsters looked forward to most was the occasional social and dance. The club had a stage and a fine wooden floor which, polished and sprinkled with French chalk, encouraged dancing to go on till well past midnight to the music of a live band that played on the stage. I was not yet even a teenager then, and twice found myself a boarder at school, so it was not until I was in college and learnt to dance that I was able to join in. But just listening to the band was fun enough, for my tastes in music were eclectic. Anglo-Indians had a gift for western music, and formed the only orchestras in Bangalore in those days. One was made up by a family named Cummins whose elder son Vincent played magical jazz on the piano, accompanied by his equally gifted violinist-brother Kenny on what he used to call his fiddle. Later came Claud Thomas and his Elite Aces who played at

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dances and balls during the war. His son Cary became a gifted accordionist.

One social I remember was a fancy-dress affair. On the spur of the moment my brother Cyril, then about sixteen, pinned a paper Union Jack to his shirt-front and hung a piece of a gramophone record around his neck with the slogan "England Breaks All Records". He won a thermos-flask for his efforts - and a big cheer from the Tommies present for this Anglo-Indian's show of patriotism and pride in his "fatherland"! Incidentally, there was remarkably little friction between our grown-up lads and the Tommies who used to attend our shows over the chance to dance with our girls. (My mother always had a soft corner in her heart for them, "the poor lonely fellows".) That no liquor was allowed on the premises undoubtedly helped to keep things quiet. I wonder if any of them ever left their memories or impressions of us behind. They would have formed a rare and interesting record of one view of our community, which saw in them a comforting presence.

Our favourite diversion was, of course, the cinema. The cantonment had four theatres that screened English films. The appropriately named Imperial showed mostly British pictures, the other three a variety of Hollywood's best. British comedies, as ever, were in a class by themselves, and we seldom missed the smooth performances of Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls, Jack Hulbert, Dame Cecily Courtneidge and the lovable Jessie Matthews. I enjoyed American "westerns" featuring Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson and, more latterly, Gary Cooper, and not far behind, such delightful series as the Thin Man mystery-comedies with William Powell and Myrna Loy (part-Chinese and extremely beautiful) and the incomparable dance numbers of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers with their delectable music and clever words. Extravaganzas like the Ziegfeld Follies and the Broadway Shows were supposed not to be very edifying, but they did no harm and were very entertaining, so we still went to them. It must seem quaint, in these days of X-rated movies and pornographic videos, that we had the Hays Office and the League of Decency to tell us when scenes got too intimate, hem-lines too high, or neck-

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lines too low. But standards existed in those days, and I recall my mother giving me a good scolding for going to see the musical *Forty Second Street* (still popular today). She had seen it earlier and thought the scene in which Bebe Daniels played a drunken woman unfit for viewing by a twelve-year old. We once had a taste of live opera when a touring European company gave us Bizet's *Carmen*. This was not at the Opera House, the name of one of our cinemas, but at another theatre, the BRV, named for the Bangalore Rifle Volunteers. This was the local Anglo-Indian battalion that was raised during World War I and saw action in Mesopotamia and France. It was disbanded after the war, but its place was taken by the countrywide Auxiliary Force (India), an entirely Anglo-Indian militia.

Of Indian games, the only one we played was "gillie-danda", a version of tip-cat. The rest of our games were entirely western, and had become popular with all other urban communities well before my time. Cricket and soccer had their own seasons, while hockey was played almost throughout the year. But the big event was our annual school sports-day comprising all field and track events, followed by the keenly contested inter-school athletic meet in which only the three main Anglo-Indian schools, St Joseph's, Bishop Cotton's and Baldwin Boys, competed. But it was hockey that the community made especially its own. For decades, Anglo-Indians were the mainstay of the best hockey clubs in the country - the Railways, the Telegraphs, the Customs, and the Port Trusts. These in turn threw up the stalwarts who formed the backbone of the Indian teams that regularly won the world Olympic hockey championships until 1952. So high was the standard in just our town of Bangalore that from my school alone, St Joseph's, (the "European" in its name has since been sensibly changed to "Boys") at least two lads of my age made it into the Olympic side. And it was hockey that did most to bring us into friendly contact with other Indian communities, whether as our leading rivals, such as the Bangalore Indians and the Sappers and Miners, or as team-mates comprising St Joseph's Club, made up of players from our school, St Joseph's Indian High School (habitually called the Indian Section), the College Section, and old boys of all

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three. Unfortunately, playing hockey against the Indian Section was about the only contact we had with each other.

However appropriate the word “European” in the earlier name of our school (and I should think it referred as much to the kind of education it imparted as to the type of students who attended), by my time it was almost wholly Anglo-Indian. The only European elements consisted of a few local English boys, two resident lay masters, and the French and Swiss priests who ran it. The purely Indian element, apart from the refectory cooks and table-boys, and of course “Sapper”, our ex-army peon who looked after the sports gear and rang the Angelus at noon, consisted of a very select handful of other Indian pupils who had gained admission either because they were important local Catholics or because of their wealth, status or connections. The rich were mostly Parsis from Bombay who entered as “parlour” boarders and who dined separately with our two ex-army English staff, “Staffy” James, our scout and games master, and “Jock” Lynch, the school factotum. Others were there mainly because they had the influence. No Principal cared to ignore status or the recommendation of the local British Resident or the Collector to admit a particular boy, so that among my schoolmates were V R Chandrasekharan, nephew of Sir C V Raman, the physicist and Noble Laureate, Aga Mirsa, nephew of the Dewan of Mysore, Abbas Shah, son of the Raja’s Private Secretary, and Bharat Singhji, younger brother of the Ruler of Gondal and a member of my scout patrol. Ordinary Indians who wanted a mission education had to go to the Indian Section next door, which offered not the Senior Cambridge but a school leaving certificate recognised for entry to college. The college, incidentally, was affiliated to the University of Madras, not of Mysore. (Madras, after all, was a British Presidency; Mysore a mere Princely or Native State!) Significant was the fact that our school was separated from the Indian Section by a wall that, in its way, regrettably represented our deeper segregation from the wider Indian community not just in Bangalore but in the country at large.

The tendency for different castes and callings to congregate each in its own locality was an age-old feature of Indian life. When the

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British arrived, they and their Anglo-Indian progeny fell naturally into this pattern that suited their own preferences and social classes. After defeating Tipoo Sultan, son of Haider Ali, the Muslim usurper of the Mysore throne, and restoring the rightful Hindu Raja in 1799, they obtained the right to station their own troops in the state. They built their cantonment on ceded village land just east of the ancient town and fortress of Bengaluru. The site was chosen both for its strategic location and its healthy and equable climate that suited the European troops intended to be moved there from the malarial area of Seringapatam (now Srirangapatnam) where the final battle of the Mysore wars had been fought. Bengaluru was soon anglicised to Bangalore and became two towns, the old “City” and the new “Cantonment” (officially, the Bangalore Civil and Military Station). While the city remained within the realm of the Raja of Mysore, the cantonment came under a British Magistrate called the Collector, an historical term with revenue connotations used in the neighbouring Madras Presidency from where he was invariably drawn. He was always a member of the Indian Civil Service, and his main responsibility seemed to be to chair the Municipal Council when he was not presiding over some ceremonial function or other. He was aided by a Commissioner of Police, a British officer of the Indian Police who was also seconded from Madras. (One of them, John Kaye, after reverting to the Presidency, became my Superintendent in 1945, two years after I myself got into the IP.) Both worked in close consultation with the local British brigade commander.

But the most exalted local official was the British Resident. He had little to do with the administration of the cantonment, but served as the representative of the Crown in its relations with the Raja of Mysore. He was usually a member of the Indian Political Service whose ranks were filled by permanent transfer from the army or the ICS. One such officer was Humphrey (later Lord) Trevelyan, once the Sub-Collector of Poonamallee near Madras. (I knew of only one IP officer, Paterson-Morgan, also of Madras, who made it into the “political” just before my time.) The Resident treated with the Raja on behalf of the Government of India and, just as importantly, kept an eye on his administration and reported on it to the Governor-

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General. Gross misrule could result in the Raja's deposition, as happened in 1831 when the state was taken over and ruled direct for fifty years by successive British Chief Commissioners. This had earlier been the fate of the near-by state of Coorg (now Kodugu), which was permanently annexed in 1804.

City and cantonment were separated by a wide belt of undulating green that in my time was a place of parks, lakes, orchards, golf courses and playing fields, interspersed with a few handsome official residences and public buildings. Here were the library, museum, courts and secretariat, mostly built in Greek classical style, as also the more modern Residency and Flagstaff House. Here too was the Raja's Bangalore palace, a handsome building which he rarely used, for he normally lived at Mysore, his state capital. Near by were the extensive palace orchards that have long since been sold and are now an elite, private residential area. This green belt, which fortunately remains largely untouched even today, also served the cantonment as a *cordon sanitaire* against any contagion, especially political, emanating from the congested City and its nationalist-minded population.

Eastwards, the new cantonment developed along similar open and segregated lines. The military retained large areas for its own purposes such as barracks, parade grounds, messes and officers bungalows. The civilian area was made up of residential localities consisting of houses standing within their own gardens, with churches, schools, shops and other amenities close by. These localities were called "towns", separated from each other often by no more than a main road, and named after the functionary - Langford, Benson, Fraser and others - in whose time they had developed. They were inhabited almost entirely by Anglo-Indians, with a sprinkling of other Indians condescendingly described as "respectable", that is, generally Christian, Anglicised and well-to-do, whose children usually attended our schools.

Throughout our years in Bangalore we lived in Richmond Town which lay near the southernmost end of the cantonment. It was

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separated by a main road from the regimental headquarters of a famous army unit, Queen Victoria's Own Madras Sappers and Miners, whose grounds stretched south to the urban border of the cantonment where the market-gardens took over. It was a very agreeable area marked by trees and open spaces, and only rarely spoiled by the smelly reminder, when we were out on a ramble and the breeze blew in the wrong direction, of the raw sewage the villagers used for manuring their fields. (We were naturally always careful to wash our vegetables thoroughly in Condies Fluid.)

Richmond Town had a small park with a band-stand, lawns and beds of pretty flowers. It was ringed by tall trees, home to a myriad crows and minahs that would set up a bedlam of caws and shrieks when roosting at evenfall. Across the road was an earthen oval, complete with iron goal-posts, where we used to play soccer, hockey or cricket according to the season, and where we invariably resorted for a game after school. Separated from it by a bund was a large pool - Mud Tank to us, for obvious reasons, - where, during the rainy season, we caught small fish that were quite unfit to eat. Beyond lay *topes* or orchards of cashew and coconut that were partly irrigated by water drawn from the tank, and which we raided for their fruit when the villagers were not about. Once, when a wooden footbridge over a channel leading to the tank was due to be opened ceremonially, a cry went out for the musical score of "The Old Rustic Bridge". Every household searched its shelves until a copy was found, enabling it to be played by a military band arranged for by the municipality. These bands were a feature of Bangalore. Every military unit seemed to have one of its own, and one of them, usually that of the Mysore Infantry, occasionally played at our park, when we children would march and skip around the band-stand to its music. It never struck us to wonder how Indian soldiers played western music so well. Each bandsman read from his own score, and together produced stirring marches and other popular pieces in perfect harmony. No doubt their European bandmasters, among whom I numbered an Italian uncle by marriage employed by the Raja of Vizianagaram (now Vijayanagaram), had much to do with it.

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Bangalore had its own segregated areas. There was usually a servants quarter or “patch”, our abbreviation of “patcherry”, the nearest we got to the Tamil word *parr-cherri* (pariah locality). Richmond Town had two such patches, one named Akithimmanahalli and the other Pudhuparrcherry. They backed on to open fields and consisted of huddles of mean houses in which our servants and others of their class lived. These were mostly lower-caste Tamilians, Christian converts descended from the camp-followers of the Company’s army who had settled locally after the Mysore wars. But many, especially the sweeper and scavenger class, came from what is now Andhra Pradesh, and accordingly spoke Telugu, with which all my family except me were familiar. Not all patch-dwellers were servants or Christian. A tailor, a barber, a money-lender and a seller of Indian sweetmeats and “hot stuff” (our name for local savouries) could usually be found amongst them, as was a cycle-shop owner who hired and repaired bicycles. One, an Indian Christian named Ignatius, was a piano-tuner by profession. He seemed to make a fair living, for he had a relatively decent house in Pudhuparrcherry, wore European clothes when going out, and smoked cheroots the smell of which, even when unlit, lingered in every drawing-room he attended. I had sometimes to call him from his house, and can remember the cobble-stoned lane where he lived, his simple furniture, and his description of how jackals from the near-by fields prowled his area after dark. I lived near enough to be able to hear their unearthly calls coming over the night air, a sound, alas, no longer heard in the concrete metropolis that Bangalore has become.

Quite different were the residents of another locality known as Arab Lines. They were Mohammedans, but of Persian, not Arab, stock, descendants of migrants who had come with their Arabian horses to breed and sell, and had so given the quarter its name. By my time only a very few still carried on this occupation. Some trained race-horses, others the draft animals used for carriages or the two-wheeled flat-bedded traps known as jutkas. Rich and poor lived side by side in democratic Muslim fashion, a few in decent houses set in small gardens behind high walls, but most in dwellings that opened on to the street. They were generally fair and good-looking, and

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many of them, including girls who openly discarded their purdah for frocks, took advantage of the western education to be had in our schools. Some of the men did well at university and went on to attain high government office, a tradition they took with them in due course to Pakistan. One of them, Aga Shahi, a friend with whom I used to wrestle in kindergarten (always unsuccessfully, for he was much stronger than I), followed his brother Aga Hilali into the ICS. Both opted for Pakistan at the time of its formation, and entered its new diplomatic service. Shahi, a pipe-smoking intellectual and perennial bachelor, rose to head its delegation to the United Nations and became his country's Foreign Minister after retiring. Hilali, who married the daughter of Sir Mirsa Ismail, a Dewan of Mysore, became Pakistan's High Commissioner in London.

Every year we witnessed an important event for this Shi'ite community. Muharram was the tenth day of mourning for the Prophet's grandson Hussain who was killed at Kerbala while fighting for the succession to the Caliphate. Religious observances apart, there would be a procession carrying a *tazzia* or replica of Hussain's tomb, accompanied by loud chanting and beating of breasts and, as an added touch, a tiger dance. Two men, stripped to the minimum, armed with sharpened rams' horns, and painted all over with yellow, black and orange stripes, would crouch and twirl and pretend to stab and claw each other in a fearsome dance, all to the shattering beat of taughtly-drawn side-drums. To us children it was quite awesome, but in retrospect I do not think it was part of their true culture. That was much better represented by the delicate architecture of their graceful mosque whose elegance added beauty to our town. It is one of my regrets that the nearest I got to sharing their culture was to employ a tutor from Arab Lines to coach me in Urdu, the language I chose for my second departmental test. (As English was my mother tongue, I was required to pass examinations in two local languages. One was Tamil, which I had been given and had to pass in the higher standard. The other, which I was allowed to choose, called for a pass only in the lower.)

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Not all other Indians in the cantonment lived grouped together in their own areas. A few of them lived scattered amongst us, but they were so like ourselves in most ways that we - or certainly I, as a child, - did not think of them as at all different. The two families who lived on Curley Street near where I was born happened to be Christian. Their English was so good and their manners so like ours that the fact that their womenfolk wore saris did not impress itself on me until I was well past childhood. One of them, Rose Samuel, a lecturer in Botany at Maharani's College in the city, was a close friend of my eldest sister. She had a sweet nature and an equally sweet way of talking, and it was a joy to listen to her gentle conversation. Another was Nurse Joseph, a competent midwife whose husband was a British ex-soldier and whose daughter played with us.

Two special groups of Christians, both Catholic, lived amongst us. One consisted of Goans, people of mixed blood like us, but of Portuguese-Indian (and sometimes part-African) descent. They bore Portuguese names, attended our school where they made easy friends, and added much to its sporting reputation. The others were Mangalorean Catholics who, like the Goans, came from the West Coast, but unlike them claimed to be of pure Brahmin descent despite their Portuguese surnames. Their ancestors had become converts, they said, in order to escape religious persecution by the early Portuguese. They were a brainy and money-wise community who made good lawyers, doctors and other professionals, and although they were inclined to be clannish, I nevertheless had some good friends among them.

Three Muslim boys, the Saits, grandchildren of Haji Sir Ismail Sait, a rich landlord of Bangalore, were my contemporaries. They had an imposing house in an exclusive area, sported a Jaguar, and went to Bishop Cotton's which was then run on public school lines. They were completely at home in our company, and when two of them married Anglo-Indian girls, no one in the community thought anything of it. I did not have many Hindus among my boyhood friends, and none that I can recall lived in Richmond Town. My

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impression was that, apart from their large population in the city, most lived in the vicinity of Commercial Street, the trading centre of the cantonment, which we frequented mainly for shopping.

Despite the differing cultures that made for the separation of these various groups, relations among them were generally cordial. We experienced none of the acute tensions that existed, for instance, between Hindus and Muslims in the north that were ultimately to lead to the division of India. Even there, nothing had foreshadowed the extent of the brutalities and mass killings that were to take place at the time of the country's partition. Though we as a family, when very young, would have imbibed some of the negative Anglo-Indian attitudes towards other Indians, these did not, fortunately, last long. My mother was a person of strong and irrational prejudices, good and bad, some of which my sisters appear to have inherited. Her liking and sympathy for our lowly Telugu-speaking sweepers, for instance, were in marked contrast to her intolerant attitude to our equally low-caste Tamilian cooks. My father, by contrast, was a man of mild and amiable manners. He was fluent in Telugu, the language in which he had matriculated and later used for instructing his forest guards at training school. He was friendly with all he came in contact with, regardless of community or status. This example in civility, combined with the higher education he took pains to give us, greatly helped to broaden our minds and harmonise our relations with others Indians.

Other factors played their part. I was still in my formative years when my elder brothers, already at university, started inviting home their friends from other communities whose polite manners and educated talk exposed me to a segment of Indian society I had not known before. Prejudices vanish in such conditions, and mine finally did when I entered university. This was soon after a long tour of distant parts of India when I had the good fortune to mix with Indians of the best class - administrators, academics and professional persons - whose conversation and ideas, along with the books they lent me, including Gandhi's *Experiments With Truth* and Nehru's *Autobiography*, gave me an enlightened view of India's history,

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culture and politics. And to cap it all, the liberal studies that I chose for my Honours at Loyola College, Madras, and the cosmopolitan hostel life I shared with other Indian students during my three years there, set the seal on my change in outlook.

But this had been the result as much of good fortune as of personal disposition and sensitivity. I had been born the last of a large and enlightened family who gave me the best of example and advice. My mother brought a teacher's discipline and a parent's ambition to our upbringing, and the three elder children, much my senior in years, were already in college before I started school. Though my travels about India had been fortuitous, this was not so with the glimpses of a world view I got from my elders through their particular branches of learning - natural science, literature, medicine and music. It was a refining experience, but the changes I underwent were individual and exceptional, and were far from common to most others of my community. As long as British rule lasted, and with it our narrow school learning and limited community relationships, our Anglo-Indian complexes remained. These were reinforced by certain rights and privileges that we enjoyed to the exclusion of other Indians and which naturally gave rise to resentment on their part.

The most odious of these was the reservation of railway compartments exclusively for Anglo-Indians. Refusing to open the door or slamming it in the face of other Indians naturally caused grave indignation and many an angry incident, and though the practice ceased some years before independence, elderly Indians recalled it with resentment, if not bitterness, even many years later. I had cause to remember this when an old and valued ICS friend from my service days, a high-caste Hindu and Chief Justice of a High Court, whom I visited long after we had both retired, recalled it casually, but much to my shame. Less pointed but no less a cause for resentment was the reservation of a proportion of middle-level government jobs for Anglo-Indians. It amounted to much more than what is implied by affirmative action today, and was intended not only to provide the community with assured avenues of steady work and income, but more importantly, to make certain of our continued

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loyalty and gratitude to the British and our dependence on and support for its administration. Despite this discriminating patronage, independent India, in a generous act of magnanimity, extended these concessions for ten years after 1947 to give the community time to adjust to its new economic situation. And to make sure that its voice would always be heard politically, it also made provision in the country's new constitution for the nomination of an Anglo-Indian representative in the more important state legislatures, and for two Members of Parliament at New Delhi. These special concessions continue fifty years on.

Initially, some Anglo-Indians prospered on near-equal terms with Europeans in India. A few of them were indulged by their white fathers to the extent of being sent "home" to complete their education and return as cadets in the Company's service. But such cases were very rare, and most of these covenanted hands contrived more or less successfully to hide their mixed ancestry. Partly out of fear of being outnumbered and outrivalled by this growing community, but more to preserve these lucrative posts for their own, the British soon moved to restrict them to positions at lower levels where, while not being a threat to the administration, they could nevertheless be of support. These posts ranged over time from such lowly occupations as fifers, drummers and farriers to ones at higher level such as non-commissioned officers and semi-professionals like master-farriers and field apothecaries. Later came civilian posts relating to law and order (police and prisons), revenue (forests, customs, excise and "salt", the tax that Gandhi used to shake the Raj,) and overseers in the construction, maintenance and running of strategic utilities like the railways, posts and telegraphs. And as administration developed, Anglo-Indians were given preference in filling confidential, middle-level positions in sensitive departments like the Political, Secret and Intelligence, and in the system of strategic communications, both within the country and on its periphery, on which such departments were vitally dependent. As a result, many Anglo-Indians found themselves manning isolated telegraph stations in such remote and far-flung regions as Gilgit and Chitral, minor participants in Kipling's Great Game, and in overseas cable and wireless stations

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that stretched from Bushire and Bahrain in the Persian Gulf across to Karachi, Rangoon and Singapore. While serving legitimate commercial purposes, they also provided a secure network of communications run by reliable hands for the Political Department and its trans-border agencies and missions. And after independence, in recognition of their dependability, not a few such middle-rank Anglo-Indian “politicals” rose to fill positions like Vice-Consuls and First Secretaries in India’s new embassies.

Even when such special reservations for Anglo-Indians ceased with independence, large numbers continued to man important sections of these services and to prove notably steadfast during times of strikes and unrest. More particularly, their rise to the highest ranks in India’s army, navy and air force in numbers wholly disproportionate to their population, and the distinguished service they rendered particularly during the wars with Pakistan, brought them prominently to the notice of the nation at large, and will always remain a singular mark to their credit. It was not held against them that in days gone by it was their community alone that constituted the countrywide militia known as the Auxiliary Force (India). Abolished now, it was made up of companies or platoons of infantry raised wherever Anglo-Indians were to be found in sizeable numbers, such as railway colonies, school-centres and industrial towns. They attended weekly parades, mobilised for a fortnight’s camp once a year, and were trained in the use of rifles, machine-guns and armoured cars in order to be able to deal with widespread, large-scale and violent civil commotion. I personally know of no instance when they were used to suppress any such disturbance during the independence movement, but my experience was limited to the comparatively peaceful south. The record may well have been different in the other provinces prone to excesses, such as Bihar, which witnessed extreme violence during the “Quit India” movement in 1942.

For many years Anglo-Indian women dominated the nursing services, both civil and military, until pressure for employment led women from other Indian communities to overcome their aversion to

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work that entailed, among other things, contact with bodily discharges and corpses that would have offended their caste susceptibilities. Even earlier, many Anglo-Indian girls had taken advantage of the free medical education for women offered at government colleges to become doctors. Several of them, both doctors and nurses, joined the armed forces as officers during World War II, and served on after independence. At least three Anglo-Indian nurses attained the rank of Brigadier commanding the military nursing service after 1947.

A much older avenue providing a simultaneous medical and military career had long been open to the community. This was the British section of the Indian Medical Department (which also had an Indian section). It was a Government of India establishment, successor to the apothecaries of the Company's army, for which only Anglo-Indians were eligible. By my time they had to have passed the Intermediate in science before appearing for selection by interview, after which they did the full MB,BS course at government medical colleges in the Presidency towns. Not only were these courses free; they carried a modest but welcome stipend of sixty rupees a month and free sets of khaki uniforms which the students had to wear for class. Though IMD doctors started as Warrant Officers, they were usually able to rise to the rank of Major by the time they retired. Bangalore, known as Pensioners Paradise for its good weather and cheap living, was home to a number of retired IMD Majors before World War II, some of whom made very useful GPs. When not attached to military units, they were seconded to civil duties as Assistant Surgeons or specialists, often in remote border or tribal areas. Some took leave without pay soon after getting their degree, went to England for higher studies, and qualified for the imperial Indian Medical Service. Others who could afford it bought themselves out of the IMD, as did my wife's elder brother, continued to serve as commissioned officers during the war, and later went into private practice in India or abroad. Those who did neither had to spend their early years of service under a British Captain or Major of the Royal Army Medical Corps, a situation that not seldom gave rise to heart-burning, for they were often more competent than their

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nominal superiors. The IMD has since been merged with the Indian Army Medical Corps.

Contact between Anglo-Indians and Europeans was generally slight, except within government departments and some limited areas of commerce and industry. The type of European I first saw was, of course, the British Tommy in Bangalore cantonment. We saw them on our streets, at the cinema and at our socials, but since we as a family were inclined to be snobbish and held them generally to come from an inferior social level even in their own country, we did not become familiar with them. We did not invite them into our home nor, since we did not credit them with honourable intentions, would any of my sisters have encouraged them to become friendly or, still less, ever thought of marrying one. The rank and file would not have been given permission to do so, anyway, and they would not have qualified for family quarters. Though some of our girls did have Tommy sweethearts (and sometimes the odd unfortunate experience as a result), marriages to them were much fewer in my time than in days gone by.

Researching my family history recently, I discovered that in the late 1800s, no less than four of my mother's eight maternal aunts married "military men", as her generation called them. (Was "soldiers" too common a word for the husbands of well-brought-up young ladies?). They were all of the rank of Warrant Officer and had family quarters. Closer in time in the 1920s I had a cousin, Mary Stracey, who lived at St Thomas' Mount, a British cantonment on the outskirts of Madras. She married twice, and both her husbands and all three of her sons-in-law were English soldiers posted there. It was quite common for these men to take their discharge locally, settle in the country, and take up jobs like police sergeants or security officers in factories, railways and mines. Others returned to England with their Anglo-Indian families on completing their local tour of duty, and often kept in touch thereafter. They generally made good husbands and fathers, and their Indian subordinates took well to them, chiefly because of their impartiality and sense of humour, as I found in my district police armed reserves. None of them remains

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now, but they were a breed that served India well, some of them even after independence, and are generally well-remembered.

My contacts and those of my family with Europeans of higher rank were mainly at the official level. All four of us brothers went direct into the superior Indian services, and it was from there that we drew our more mature impressions of the Britisher. This was during the last two decades of their rule, and even if they had not come from a cultured and educated level of their own society, the time was long past when they could be other than civil in their behaviour towards Indians. And whatever prick of conscience or negative feelings they may have had in regard to Anglo-Indians, they kept these to themselves. I personally never experienced any show of superiority or patronage on their part, nor any of that sense of inferiority on mine that both Indian and western novelists depict us as suffering before the European. I knew, without making a point of it, that I was as good as they in all respects, and since I had an abundance of self-assurance and confidence, I was able to meet them on level terms, completely free of complexes. Two of my experiences with them are illuminating.

Just out of school and playing cricket for my college, I found myself sitting next to a Royal Artillery Major at the Bangalore Gymkhana. It was then one of those "Europeans Only" clubs, and the only reason I was there was because it was the venue for the match. He was friendly enough, and in the course of conversation mentioned the case of a young man - clearly an Anglo-Indian, though he did not say so, - whom he had recruited as a gunner for his battery. He said how well he was doing, and added, "I wish some more of you chaps would come along and join up". "Oh yes", I replied, "some of us chaps already have - at our own Sandhurst", referring to the newly established Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun. That Anglo-Indians were fit to become commissioned officers had not occurred to him. Years later, at the start of my service, Cecil Jackets, the British Superintendent under whom I was posted for practical training on passing out of Police College, took me into his home for the two months that I had to spend under him. The local Coimbatore

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Club was then still a European preserve, and rather than risk hurting my feelings in any way, he did not attend it for as long as I was his guest. The only exception was for the King's birthday party, which for him was practically compulsory. He apologised to me, his junior by twenty years, for not being able to take me with him, and repeated his apology when I came down for breakfast the next morning. I was aware of the rule, and also knew that he personally would have preferred that it had not existed. I appreciated his position and truthfully assured him that I had not at all misunderstood or felt hurt in any way.

Of my elder brothers' experiences with their European colleagues in service I have only slight knowledge. Pat, the eldest, was once insulted when a schoolboy by a British Tommy, possibly because of his dark complexion. He took it passively, but my father, determined that turning one cheek was enough, promptly sent him off to learn to box! Later, when he joined the Indian Forest Service in 1928, he wondered at fate's allotting him to Assam, where to be an Anglo-Indian in those days was practically synonymous with being a planter's bastard. But his easy sociability and enormous self-confidence soon overcame any sensitivity he may have felt on this account, and he retired a popular and well-respected head of his department and a recognised world authority on the conservation of forests and wildlife.

Ralph, the next brother, as a young magistrate in Bengal, had once to receive a visiting Englishman on his first trip to India. Having earlier been given Ralph's surname, he was obviously not expecting to be met by a coloured man. In the course of conversation he frankly asked Ralph what he was, and Ralph just as frankly but politely enlightened him. Earlier, while coaching in London for the ICS, he had occasion to explain his background to a young lady. He was halfway through when light dawned and she said straight out, "I know what you are. You're half-caste", to which Ralph, who had a sense of humour but no complexes, replied, "Precisely". His marriage to an English girl did not work out, largely because of financial difficulties arising from his having to repay both a large

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scholarship and a heavy loan taken by my father from relatives and friends to enable him to live and coach in England. These difficulties were exacerbated by the need to maintain the European standard of living expected of him and his English wife, but without the handsome overseas allowance drawn by his British colleagues that enabled them to do so. At one time in his service he could not even afford a car, something unheard of for an Indian civil servant.

Some years earlier, my sister Doreen, who had done brilliantly at Lady Hardinge Medical College, New Delhi, had sought to enter the Women's branch of the Indian Medical Service. Not being a European, or at least having a British degree, she was offered a position in the WIMS Reserve until she could acquire one. Rather than accept this denigration, she took an appointment at a mission hospital in southern India before joining the United Provinces medical department. She served as a Captain in the Indian Army Medical Corps during the war, took her discharge in England, obtained a higher degree there, and set up practice in London which she continued till the age of eighty.

The experience of Cyril, my third brother, was unique. He was a pre-war "regular" of the Indian Army, an early product of the country's own Military Academy and still a young Captain when he was captured by the Japanese in Malaya in 1942. They were puzzled by this Indian with an English name and accent, and did not know whether to put him in the British or Indian prisoners cage! He did a spell in both before he joined the Indian National Army, formed from among Indian POWs to stake a claim for Indian independence. It came to nothing, and when he was retaken at Singapore after Japan surrendered, he was given a bad time by his British captors. In their eyes, for an Anglo-Indian to have fought with the INA was a doubly heinous offence, but to Indians it was seen as an act of unusual patriotism. It was this that led Nehru, who met him when he was awaiting trial at Delhi's Red Fort, to appoint him later to independent India's newly-formed foreign service. However, his joining the INA did raise certain moral issues that need to be examined.

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Based on absolute principle, the British view could be judged both valid and warranted. However, life does not always allow for absolutes, and the circumstances of his position should be set down. We as a family, with the possible exception of my mother, did not have the same sentimental loyalty to the British that most other Anglo-Indians had. As soon as we came of age, gave thought to our position, recognised our background, and shared the company and feelings of other enlightened Indians, we realised that we were Indians ourselves. India was our country, and none of us ever looked to any other as “home”. (I am in Australia not by preference but only because the rest of my family chose to come here. I have not taken out Australian citizenship, I remain an Indian, and intend keeping my nationality.) In work, we saw ourselves serving not so much the British and their imperial government as India and her people to whom we owed and gave our ultimate loyalty. In Cyril’s case there were, in addition, certain special factors.

His battalion, the 1/14th Punjabs, was among the eight initially earmarked in the early 1930s for Indianisation. Some of its Indian officers, including Ayub Khan, a future Field Marshall and military ruler of Pakistan in the 1960s, were Sandhurst men whose scales of pay were the same as those of their British colleagues, of whom there remained a few in the battalion, including the Colonel, when war broke out. The rest were Dehra Dun graduates who, while drawing substantially less pay, were expected to maintain the same standards of regimental and social life as their Sandhurst colleagues. Some complexes and resentments naturally prevailed, exacerbated occasionally by such lesser irritants as the playing of Indian songs on the Mess gramophone, whose high, tinny tones tended to irk the European ear, with consequent abrupt demands to turn it off. The movement for Indian independence had greatly intensified by then, and nationalist feelings smouldered beneath the surface.

In Cyril’s case, predilection would have been reinforced by the pressure of his regimental peers. He was not the sort of person mindlessly to follow the natural course expected of Anglo-Indians and side automatically with the British, nor would he have wanted to

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incur the sneers and contempt of his other Indian colleagues for a member of a community they already regarded as lackeys of the Raj. It was these factors rather than any special feeling of nationalism that would have moved him to join the INA along with most of the other Indian officers of his battalion. It was one of these, incidentally, a Sikh officer named Mohan Singh, who started the amorphous first Indian National Army before the fiery Subhas Chandra Bose, who had escaped from detention in India, appeared on the scene. Bose's aim was to give legitimacy to the provisional Indian government-in-exile established by the Indian Independence League which consisted mainly of expatriate Indians residing in Thailand and Malaya, and whose fighting arm was to be reorganised and renamed the Second INA. It was at this stage that Cyril played a prominent part as its Adjutant-General. We never questioned him about his motives, for as a family we respected each other's personal privacy, and what notes he left behind about his INA days were only brief and purely descriptive. But I believe that my presumptions as to his reasons for joining are well-based, and it is by these I think he should be judged.

By a twist of fate, I myself was engaged towards the end of the war with security intelligence at our Main Forward Interrogation Centre in East Bengal, where there was a large camp for INA prisoners captured during the fighting in Burma. Though Cyril was flown direct to Delhi from Singapore, and so did not pass through my hands as a prisoner as did some of the other INA officers after Japan surrendered, I had access to his file and classification before that, followed his latter INA career up to the time he was retaken, and was personally the subject of considerable interest to my Intelligence colleagues. I once acted as a single escort for a small group of INA officer-prisoners on parole who were to be handed over at Delhi's Red Fort to await trial. During a six-hour break at Calcutta, I gave one of them informal permission to visit his family there. He did not break trust and turned up in time for the onward journey. I remained at the Centre until it was wound up, and returned to my parent state, Madras (now Tamil Nadu), in time for the birth of our first son in 1946. I stayed on in the Indian Police for the next thirty three years, happy to call India my home, and retired after an unprecedented

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promotion and extension of service, and with a store of respect for myself and my community that made it all worthwhile.

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